OPINION

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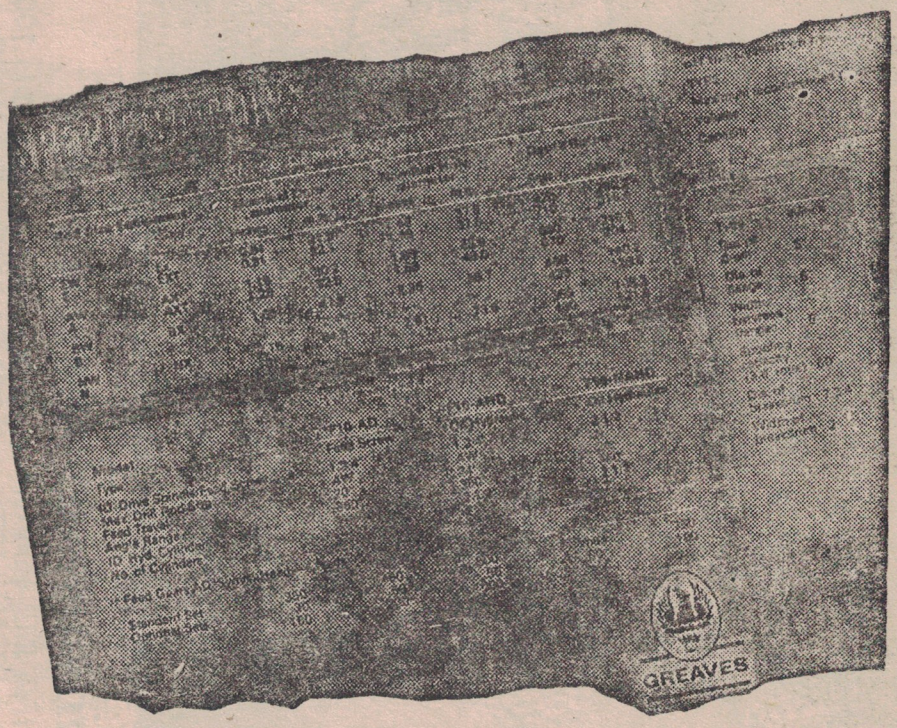
When you scrutinize engineering specifications....



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HAVE YOU EYES, AND DO NOT SEE YOUR OWN DAMNATION ? EYES, AND DO NOT SEE THE COMPANY YOU KEEP ?

THE best comment on the worthwhileness of all the manufactured pro-Brezhnev enthusiasm, from the statement by the Three Hundred to the communist "New Age" panegyrics by Mrs. Gandhi and some of her Cabinet colleagues, is contained in the following November 22 report from Moscow (*The Indian Express*) : "The wife of dissident Soviet physicist Andrei Sakharov said that she has been warned she is 'probably mentally ill', because she refuses to co-operate with the secret police.

Mrs. Yelena Sakharov told a press conference that the ominous statement was made by a secret police (KGB) official during an interrogation here—her third in recent days as pressure mounted to silence her outspoken husband.

The threat evidently was made to remind Mrs. Sakharov that many of the Kremlin's most vocal critics have disappeared behind the walls of mental asylums. . . .

Mrs. Sakharov's tone wavered only when she revealed that her interrogators had 'threatened me with the fate of my children and told me that as a mother I should think of them'.

KGB did not elaborate on the warning, but Mrs. Sakharov said, her son, daughter and son-in-law 'have already suffered official repressions because of my husband's activities'.

Mrs. Sakharov said her KGB interrogator, identified as Col. Sischikov, warned her of her mental condition on Tuesday when she refused to testify in the criminal proceedings against dissidents Gabriel Superfin and Viktor Khaustov.

Mrs. Sakharov said she refused to sign any statements proferred by her interrogators, including one promising she would not publicly reveal details of her three meetings with KGB."

Think you the ruler who permits and encourages the perpetration of such outrages on his fellow-citizens is a fitting object of your love and worship, oh great ones of Delhi ? Think you it is right to lead on your fellow-citizens, mostly ignorant, to applaud to the echo, and regard as a model, this unfeeling tyrant, the head of one of the most ruthless, totalitarian tyrannies the world has ever known ? You cannot possibly so think, unless there are very strong wicked and sadistic elements in you too. That you are too blind to see, or too naive to recognise, the boundless evil inherent in this man and his like-minded comrades-in-arms, no one who has any knowledge of your sophisticated personalities would credit for a moment. Knowing evil to be evil, you yearn to embrace it.

Knowing evil to be evil, you appear as its champions before the unknowing masses of your countrymen. By your lies and machinations, you cause them to accept your utterly wrong and damaging estimate of the most vicious of men, the most immoral of systems. Fear not, to you too will come in good measure the full recompense of your pernicious attitudes and wilful misdeeds!

You say Brezhnev has helped this country. Notably he helped to arm us for the war Pakistan forced upon us by compelling ten million refugees to pour into India from East Bengal; he helped us by promising to give us two million tons of the wheat we needed because of the drought last year and your failure in procurement in the season before the drought. Did he do all this for nothing? No, he took over in effect the conduct of your foreign and defence policy. You entered into an alliance with him, which in practice turned you into his subordinates and kite-flyers. India, he made the south-east flank of the Russian Empire's defence system. Amply did you pay for his help, would you not, if you were honest and impartial, say? In addition, of course, you permitted him to bore into every section of your economy, and seriously disturb the pattern of your industry by persuading you to adopt his view of the necessity of the predominance of state-capitalism. To give him confidence in your adherence to him, you took into your cabinet and party quite a number of his brothers-in-faith, men whose real allegiance is to him and his land and not to the land of their birth and yours. And now, when he comes to deliver through you the coup-de-grace to our cherished values and institutions, to do away with the first altogether and to reduce the second to shadows of their real selves, you wish to make his and your task easy by spreading around him the aura of popular love and approval. Degraded and vicious in the extreme are you, vile haters of your country, enemies alike of the Good and our real good.

Since both Brezhnev's and your aim, great ones of Delhi, mighty leaders of India's elite at least in your own estimation, is to make of this country a replica of Brezhnev's land in most respects, let us take a look at that extensive area as it appears to an ordinary citizen. The well-known Soviet recipe for good health and long life remains now as in the past

> "If you think, do not speak,
> If you speak, do not write,
> If you write, do not publish,
> If you publish, recant immediately."

In other words, ordinary citizens, men like you or me, if they wish to be safe, had better eschew all interest in public affairs. If they ask inconvenient questions, raise points which officialdom thinks are better left alone, something unpleasant is bound to happen to them, from a beating-up in the streets at a quiet spot to a tap on the door after midnight and an arrest that might even result in disappearance to a labour camp thousands of miles away, or to a mental asylum nearer at hand. The law promises

justice and preservation of all the freedoms, but the judges being committed men, committed to the Government and bound to carry out its behests, no one the Government wants punished can be allowed to go free, whatever the merits of the matter. All newspapers and other media are government property ; managed by government servants, there is never the least danger of their ever saying anything the government does not approve of. What government gives out is news. What it does not, is not, however important the happening or whatever its intrinsic worth.

Since the Government owns everything, there can be no employer other than Government, and if Government, being dissatisfied, refuses employment, the employee concerned is reduced to utter misery or vagabondage. Attempts at combination by workmen in any enterprise, much less strikes or other industrial action, whatever the grievances, become quite impossible in these conditions and in the face of the most savage repressive action, combined with the almost certain exile of the ringleaders or supposed ringleaders to prison-camps in distant places, where the conditions of life are almost unbearable. A very small body of men, ten to fifteen, hold all power, and of them one from time to time, attains predominance, becomes the Vozhd or sole decider. Brezhnev has risen to that position at present. The exact process of the ascent to, or indeed of the descent from, that position, or even other positions in the central directorate, is not known outside the charmed circle. Sometimes pistols come into use as in the case of Beria, shot down in council by his colleagues. Sometimes a conspiracy in the council decides on removal, as happened with Khrushchev or Zukhov. A secret police exercises almost independent absolute power, subject only, say some, to periodic reports to the Vozhd. Almost sixty per cent of the personnel of the various embassies in foreign lands comes from this secret police. Elections are compulsory for a chief deliberative body, but the elections are a total farce. A list of candidates is put up by the chief, and every citizen must go and vote for it on pain of punishment. No opposition, individual or party, is allowed. A society like this has at its innermost centre lying and hypocrisy. Merely to live, whatever you may think, you must say what is acceptable to authority. In school, college, ship, factory, laboratory, library, council, that must be the rule.

You say, great ones of Delhi, Brezhnev stands for peace and justice in international affairs. Admittedly, he and his predecessors have given to his own country the peace of the grave and the justice of the tyrant. Their idea of justice in international affairs has been to add the land of several independent countries by force of arms to the Soviet Union, and to extend by force of arms its hegemony over several formerly independent European countries, maintaining it by sending in additional armies on the least apprehension of an assertion of nationalism. You, great ones, who look at the Soviet chief through very rose-tinted glasses, have naturally forgotten the most shameful aggression of our times, the pouring-in of Soviet tanks into peaceful, progressive Czechoslovakia, the reduction of it to a helpless victim writhing in the Soviet grip. Even Mrs. Gandhi agreed to deplore

it at the time, though she was most careful not to condemn it. That was your delightful Brezhnev, the conqueror of Czechoslovakia, the ravager of Prague. If Czechoslovakia in 1968 is not fresh in your minds, clearly not the least trace of the Soviet invasion of Hungary can be there. Think not, however, that all Indian minds can be as blank on the Soviet, the Brezhnev, record, as you no doubt, in the interest of your slave-status yearning, would wish them to be. They remember, and who knows they may continue to remember, even after you have adopted the mental hospital and concentration-camp techniques of your oh-so-longed-for prototype.

Great ones of Delhi, if you will not think of your country, think at least of yourselves. Consider what the successors of the great ones of Moscow have made of their predecessors. It would seem reading Soviet history, said a Soviet citizen, that for the half-century after Lenin, we have been governed by a succession of rascals, reactionaries, anti-people scoundrels, saboteurs and traitors. No sooner does a powerful dignitary fall out of favour, history makes him out to be most unworthy and the causer of great harm to the country. Is this the fate and fame you desire for yourselves too ?

Reflect, mighty Delhiwans, and such of you as are not Communists, consider carefully your country's interest. If you do, you will avoid altogether the Brezhnev bait. Be polite to him and send him back the way he came, accompanied by his 145 aides and his over a hundred forerunners. Do not got involved in either his collective security plan or follow his advice in regard to our economic affairs. No non-Communist among you would like to live even for two years in Brezhnev's regimented Russia, whatever its vaunted merits. Quite a number of our Communists too would hate to have to emigrate to their spiritual fatherland. Why then be so foolish as to imitate it, make of our lovely, smiling and tolerant land, a hell of conformity, serfdom, sadness and lack of human feeling ?

The Russian Empire is under Brezhnev exceedingly powerful, yet faced by another nuclear power's readiness for a test of strength, it falls back (Recent US alert, also Cuba). If then your aim in getting entangled with it is to ensure protection, when in 1975 China in alliance with Pakistan and with the goodwill of the US threatens you with nuclear weapons, be sure Russia will fall back again. Think you, oh foolish, it will consider Moscow, Leningrad or even Vladivostock well destroyed to save Delhi or revenge its ruin ?

Doyens of Delhi, futile would it be to expect you to become suddenly wise. Beyond you, alas, is wisdom, but surely you have sense enough not to put your necks into hangman Brezhnev's noose, dangle it he before you however temptingly. Tell him, praising him highly if you wish to, 'a delightful piece, that necktie of yours you so kindly wish me to wear, but on the whole, I rather like my neck free. Thank you very much all the same.' Do this, and you will win the sincere thanks of at least the understanding among the people of India.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

There is a stage

When your imagination will not rise
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But make little hops
Like a wounded bird
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—Kamala Das

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LETTERS OF JUNIUS

A. G. NOORANI

THERE are many considerations which can move a man to take to the pen, even though writing is not his craft, just as there are diverse reasons which prompt men to enter politics. Some write to acquire note, some for pleasure, others for exhibition of a talent which they imagine them possess. A few write because they are concerned about the situation around them, feel involved in the events and have something to say about them. Some of them acquired great reputations as publicists but none has won the enduring fame of Junius.

The letters he wrote to *Public Advertiser* of London from January 21, 1769, to January 21, 1772, made him a power in his own right. To no small extent was the fall of the Ministry of the Duke of Grafton in January 1770 due to them. The letters were written in a formidable style. The writer had evidently drunk deep at the founts of satire. His expression was his own despite a certain resemblance to Tacitus, his favourite author. They showed not only a sure knowledge of the affairs of state, but a knowledge of the law, a mastery of dialectics, and an insight into the nature of the political process. He won instant attention. The invective he used remains unsurpassed, alike in its elegance and its intensity. It was invective with a purpose ; for, indeed, purpose animated the entire effort.

The Duke of Grafton had become Prime Minister in October 1768 on Chatham's retirement due to ill-health and soon embarked on a course which Junius regarded as detrimental to the national interest. He was not content only to write to the journal. He corresponded also with Chatham, on whom his protege had turned his back, with George Grenville, with John Wilkes, whose morals he loathed but whose persecution he resented, and, of course, with Henry Sampon Woodfall, printer and part-owner of *Public Advertiser*. In all this he had one objective—to bring about the fall of the Duke of Grafton's government.

He wrote in a disguised hand and used other synonyms before, during, and after his correspondence in *Public Advertiser*. Philo, Junius, "Veteran", and "Nemesis" were among them. So were "Lucius" and "Brutus". It was probably to exhaust the name of the Roman patriot, Lucius Junius Brutus, that he finally picked on the middle name. While the earlier letters dealt with injustices to individuals, the three year campaign proper was concerned mainly with the fate of the country.

In 1772 Junius published a collection *"Letters of Junius"* with a Dedication to the English Nation. Woodfall brought out an edition in 1812. This writer has seen another in two volumes published in London the same year by J. Goodwin, Ave-Maria-Lane, Paternoster-Row and printed by W. Lewis, St. John's Square. John Taylor made a study of the letters, four years later, and felt certain that Sir Philip Francis had written them. Requests to Sir Philip for republication, four decades after the controversy,

produced replies so evasive as to confirm the suspicion. Finally, there was found, the family reported, a verse addressed by Sir Philip to a Miss Giles in the same disguised hand of Junius. "Many felons have been condemned on circumstancial evidence less complete" a modern writer has remarked; he also holds that "as political writings they possess no intrinsic value", an opinion manifestly wrong, as will be pointed out.

"The book will, I believe, be found to contain principles worthy to be transmitted to posterity", Junius wrote in his dedication while predicting "I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me". In a sense, both claims were justified.

How very right is he when he exhorts the people "never to suffer an invasion of your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by without a determined persevering resistance. One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate, and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, today is doctrine. Examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous measures; and where they do not suit exactly, the defect is supplied by analogy. Be assured, that the laws which protect us in our civil rights, grow out of the constitution, and they must fall or flourish with it. This is not the cause of faction, or of party, or of any individual, but the common interest of every man in Britain."

On two subjects he was particularly concerned, the liberty of the press which he called "the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman" and the fairness of elections. The British Parliament is sovereign. But Junius held "When we say that the Legislature is supreme, we mean that it is the highest power known to the constitution; that it is the highest, in comparison with the other subordinate powers established by the laws. In this sense, the word 'supreme' is relative, not absolute. The power of the Legislature is limited, not only by the general rules of natural justice, and the welfare of the community, but by the forms and principles of our particular constitution". He put his faith in this good sense of the people, but he felt "the inattention or indifference of the nation has continued too long".

The first letter in the campaign, dated January 21, 1769, attracted wide attention. It was a survey of the state of the nation. "Appearances justify suspicion; and when the safety of a nation is at stake, suspicion is just ground of enquiry."

He had little doubt as to the basic cause of discontent—"the original fault is in government". The change in the temper of the people was due to the "misconduct of Ministers". The country was in such straits because "it is the pernicious hand of government which alone can make a whole people desparate".

The country's finances were sinking under its debts and expenses. Corruption was rife. Favours and offices were being sold rather like the sale of licences and permits in some places today. Britain's reputation had reached an all time low abroad. The American colonies had been alienated.

Defence was neglected. The judiciary was being suborned. "The pure and impartial administration of justice is, perhaps, the firmest bond

to secure a cheerful submission of the people, and to engage their affections to government. It is not sufficient that questions of private right or wrong are justly decided, nor that judges are superior to the vileness of pecuniary corruption. Jefferies himself, when the court had no interest, was an upright judge. A court of justice may be subject to another sort of bias, most important and pernicious, as it reaches beyond the interest of individuals, and affects the whole community. A judge under the influence of government, may be honest enough in the decision of private causes, yet a traitor to the public. When a victim is marked out by the ministry, this judge will offer himself to perform the sacrifice. He will not scruple to prostitute his dignity, and betray the sanctity of his office, whenever an arbitrary point is to be carried for government, or the resentment of a court to be gratified." A more accurate portrait of the "committed" judge yet remains to be painted.

In sum, the country was being grossly misgoverned. "If, by the immediate interposition of Providence, it were possible for us to escape a crisis so full of terror and dispair, posterity will not believe the history of the present times. They will either conclude that our distresses were imaginary, or that we had the good fortune to be governed by men of acknowledged integrity and wisdom: They will not believe it possible, that their ancestors could have survived or recovered from so desperate a condition, while a Duke of Grafton was Prime Minister, and a Lord North Chancellor of the Exchequer; a Weymouth and a Hillisborough Secretaries of State; a Granby Commander-in-Chief; and a Mansfield Chief Criminal Judge of the kingdom."

Unfortunately for Lord Granby and for the government, Sir William Draper rushed to his defence. He attacked Junius for his anonymity and for the intemperence of the language, but slipped badly while doing so. He defended the Commander-in-Chief's favours as having been extracted from him by persons who "would pervert the open, unsuspecting, moments of convivial mirth, into sly insidious applications for preferment or party-systems, and would endeavour to surprise a good man, who cannot bear to see any one leave him dissatisfied, into unguarded promises". Sir William defended breaches of promise in such cases as well as Granby's "attention to his own family and relations".

Junius could hardly fail to exploit so fine an opening. His rejoinder began gently, complimented Sir William "for the goodness of your heart", but rejected his charge that writings like his were the cause of the public evils of the times. "A little calm reflection might have shown you that national calamities do not arise from the description, but from the real character and conduct of Ministers.

And, pray, who had defamed Granby, Sir William or Junius? "It is you, Sir William Draper, who have taken pains to represent your friend in the character of a drunken landlord, who deals out his promises as liberally as his liquor, and will suffer no man to leave his table either sorrowful or sober. None but an intimate friend, who must frequently have seen him in these unhappy, disgraceful moments, could have described him so well".

He then turned the light and the heat on Sir William's conduct—"You are by no means undeserving of notice"—and accused him of selling his regiment for reward.

Draper's reply, well constructed in parts, did not meet the points Junius had made. He accused him of putting "words into my mouth that seem too foul even for his own" and attacked him, once again, for not revealing his name.

Junius seized the opportunity and, ignoring Granby for the moment, concentrated on Draper mentioning more details in support of his charges. No matter what Draper wrote it only provided grist to Junius' mill which had begun to work in full steam by now. He criticised Junius' use of interrogations and wrote "I could, by malicious interrogation, disturb the peace of the most virtuous man in the kingdom. . . . Let Junius ask no more questions. You bite against a file: Cease, viper!"

It brought forth a reply which showed Junius at his deadliest best. "An academical education has given you an unlimited command over the most beautiful figures of speech. Muskets, hatchets, racks, and vipers, dance through your letters in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion. These are the gloomy compassions of a disturbed imagination; the melancholy madness of poetry without the inspiration. I will not contend with you in point of composition; you are a scholar, Sir William; and, if I am truly informed, you write Latin with almost as much purity as English. Suffer me, then, (for I am a plain unlettered man) to continue that style of interrogation which suits my capacity, and to which, considering the readiness of your answers, you ought to have no objection. Do you really think, that, if I were to ask a most virtuous man, whether he ever committed theft, or murder, it would disturb his peace of mind? Such a question might, perhaps, discompose the gravity of his muscles, but I believe it would little affect the tranquillity of his conscience. Examine your own breast, Sir William, and you will discover, that reproaches and inquiries have no power to affect either the man of unblemished integrity, or the abandoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which alone is vulnerable, the man, who, without firmness enough to avoid a dishonourable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it."

Having delivered several blows of this kind, he declared "And now, Sir William, I shall take my leave of you for ever", and turned his attention to his favourite victim, the Prime Minister, the Duke of Grafton. He attacked him for advising the King to pardon one M'Quirk, who had been convicted of the murder of George Blake, while persecuting John Wilkes, the Whig politician, who was a former friend, because of political differences.

(To be continued)

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OCTOBER

GAURI DESHPANDE

THERE'S a special feeling about October. Now, all those who have been thinking of Autumn in New York, and September Song and Les Feuilles Mortes and so on must be disillusioned right away. I do not mean that sort of thing at all. I mean, a welcome lull in the incessant rain (no matter how eagerly appreciated it is), a return to the hot and sticky weather, and the fantastically clear clear air. Sometimes you get the feeling that you can see all the way to Africa, only if the earth didn't curve so. And there's a special laziness affects one. As a naturally lazy but more gifted friend put it, a feeling of divine lassitude. Well, sure, until the year catches up with you with a jerk. All those deadlines you set yourself—end of the year ? There's only two months left for that now. And there's no denying that lassitude. What then ? Well, enjoy yourself for one more day. Get out in the morning. See what I mean by the special feeling ? There a suggestion in the air of smoke—even in the city, normally choked with smog, there is a reminiscence of woodsmoke. There are the long mornings. Yes, even with that heat, they seem longer than they used to be—probably because you have spent them doing next to nothing with all that work piled up. And what's that smell ? Surely you have smelt it—long back, to be sure, but you have. . . . Woman passes by hurriedly, giving you a half-smile. You look into her shopping bag. That's it. The long-forgotten winter jasmine. Where she could have got it, I don't know. And there's another smell, rather more well known—fish. Back on the market after its monsoon dearth. You remember Juhu, in the afternoon when the small boats came in at low tide full of glistening, silver-blue fish and heaped them on the sands carelessly like so many shells ? And what a lot of other strange sea-flowers and fruit they brought out to amaze you ? And the day wasn't really hot with the first sun in months and we all got down to the sea which was warm like blood and we sat in the oozing sand and lapping water and laughed and laughed over nothing, and came home trailing sand over everything and found ourselves horribly sunburnt ? That was the very first week of October and we had yet not got around to complaining about the heat.

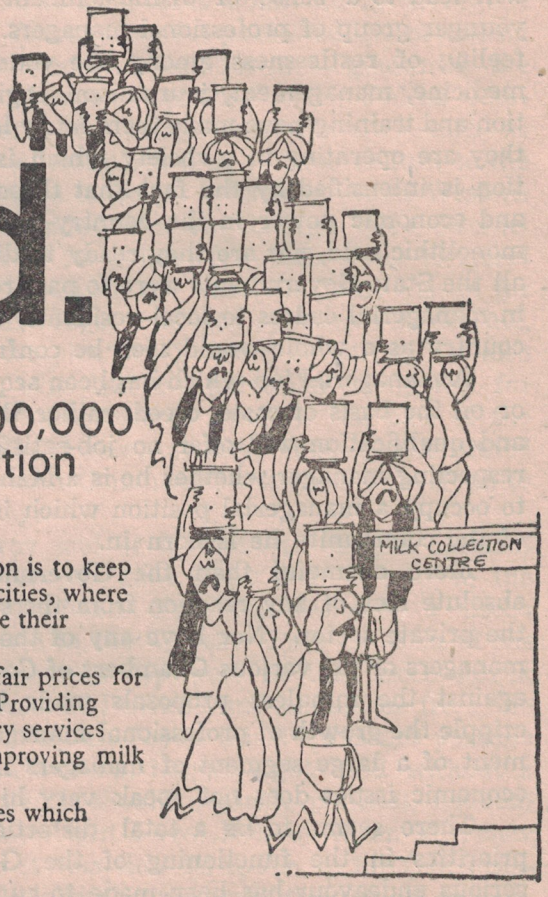
The sea is placid like a lake, after its rather frightening rainy aspect, and blue-green with lighter patches of pure silver and it is full of gay white boats in the morning and fireflies of hundreds of lights in the night. Smugglers back at work you say callously, but the boats are unendingly elegant, whatever the trade they are used for—smuggling, fishing, or just passing the time for the filthy rich. They make the wanderlust come out in you. You want to get out, not as elegantly, but hung around with baskets, bags, fruit, water. Then go rattling and puffing and hooting in your old car to the newly green ghats, and watch out for the kingfisher hovering over the still-full pond, and go through the misty old city and

knock on your father's door and sit in his living room in divine lassitude and watch more green hills receding. Oh you do remember the days of the smell of *khichdi* cooking in the kitchen and coming to the table all smothered in fresh ghee. That was October, and the hurriedly scribbled exams, for there it is coming, the whole reason for the existence of October —Diwali. The hot water in the early morning on chapped, oil-soaked skin, the cousins chattering on their annual visit, the grandmothers and aunts glittering with new clothes and jewels, the lights hardly flickering in the still evening. The inevitable crackers, which you never noticed then, and are a nuisance now. With a shake you come back to now. The silent typewriter and the hundred deadlines and the laziness that won't let go.

Outside the migratories have arrived. Golden orioles. A few stray ducks. And this year a bonus. After a decade, real, live, small, aetherial, like a tiny white kite with a long tail, swimming gracefully into your orbit and shyly out of it—a paradise fly-catcher. You decide on the spot to go to the bird sanctuary. The coel has arrived very early. His voice is still all to pieces but his bright red eye flashes at you from the peepul tree as he fights his casual fights with the crows. He is not serious yet—not nesting time. There are curious small berries on the tree and the whole population of chipmunks has turned up there—or so it would seem from the chattering. They are out on the thinnest limbs. And how vast the trees have grown in the last two months while you were not watching anything but the rain. They are glitteringly clean and stand washed and bright against the impossible sky.

Coming home last night I wondered which was that very tall building that had put up the brilliant lamp—it was Venus. Hung low in the sky and so close. Mars was overhead by bedtime and we could hardly see him, but Jupiter was still within reach. Much closer and about to drop into our palms in the hot still night. Funny, isn't it, even when it's this hot there's a small breath of winter in the occasional breeze that comes to smart chapped lips ? And that reminds me—there's only these two months left, you know, when all's said and done ? Yes, but it's hot, and it's still, and I'm far away, and besides, it's *October*, nobody can be expected to *do* anything.

From a trickle... to a flood.



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Generating a flood of milk in the villages which flows to the cities.

AMUL HAS SHOWN THE WAY

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VIEWS

R. K. Aneja : Despite the annual outflow of management graduates from a few leading management institutes in India, and the existence of middle and old-aged generations of experienced managers within the country, there is a dearth of sound, effective and efficient managers. Geographical curbs will prevent the maximum utilisation of the scarce managerial talent within the country. High quality of managerial talent and its maximum utilisation is a major accelerating factor in the process of development.

The senseless restrictions planned by the Government of Maharashtra will lead to a sense of disillusionment and demoralisation among the younger group of professional managers. I have often discerned a strong feeling of restlessness among the younger professionals—in the field of medicine, management, journalism, engineering etc. While their education and training have made them fairly logical in their thinking and action, they are operating in a society which is highly traditional. The frustration is intensified by the fact that those who hold the levers of political and economic power in the country are neither ready to relinquish their monolithic hold, nor are they ready to discard age-old thought-patterns. If all the State Governments were to pass regulations restricting employment in managerial cadres to local residents, these States in particular and the country as a whole would soon be confronted with a serious brain-drain.

A managerial job which has been acquired through the use of nepotism or on the basis of caste, creed, rather than on the basis of merit, calibre and qualification will offer no job-satisfaction to any manager. No self-respecting manager whether he is a Maharashtrian or a Punjabi will want to occupy a managerial position which is being donated to him by virtue of the community he is born in.

More shameful than the Government's irrational proposal is the absolute lack of any reaction from the senior managers in the public and the private sector. Nor have any of the professional organisations of the managers or the various Chambers of Commerce uttered a word of protest against the mindless proposals made by the Government, which will cripple the growth of professional management in India. The non-involvement of a large segment of managers in the country with political and economic issues does not speak very highly of them.

There seems to be a total distortion in the economic and social priorities in the functioning of the Government of Maharashtra. No serious endeavour has been made to curb galloping prices to combat the run-away inflation that has gripped the economy. But precious time, energy and resources are being expended on peripheral and meaningless issues, which are totally irrelevant to the growth and the development of the country.

* * * *

Observer : Abroad, the crude Soviet campaign against these two figures (Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn) brought immediate protests from

scientists and intellectuals, to a point where the Soviet leaders must have had to face the alternatives of either moderating their latest efforts to crush all dissent or risking an even stronger foreign outcry at a time when they want to advance their "peaceful" image. Moreover, by mid-September their policy had come under criticism from leading Social Democrats such as Chancellor Brandt of the Federal German Republic, the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Kreisky, and the Foreign Minister of Sweden, as well as other influential political figures in most West European countries. In the context of Brezhnev's preoccupation with improving relations with the United States, the message of support for Dr. Sakharov from the US National Academy of Sciences must have been particularly disquieting.

Among the Western Communist Parties comment was generally wary, though on August 29 *l'Unità*, organ of the Italian Communists, offered its readers sections of Solzhenitsyn's Press statement published the preceding day and reaffirmed its view that "Socialist societies must guarantee the widest possible confrontation of ideas and opinions". The Italian Communists, it said, were particularly concerned that a writer such as Solzhenitsyn should have become so exasperated as to have to turn to the Western Press in voicing his criticisms of Soviet behaviour. Some Western Communist leaders may have reminded Moscow through more discreet channels of the damaging effects of its policy for their own electoral strategy. *Pravda* on September 15, under the headline "Who stands for the Cold War", attacked a familiar range of alleged opponents of détente, such as the "military-industrial complex" in Western countries, but also regretted that some in the West who had no particular sympathy for capitalism "should have allowed themselves to swallow the bait of the anti-Sovietists". The Yugoslav official news agency, *Tanyug,* interpreted this as applying to Italian and French Communist criticisms as well as to comments by other leftist groupings.

Voices in defence of Sakharov and of freedom to express opinions were raised even from Eastern Europe. In a letter from Prague to the London *Times* on September 24 Professor Frantisek Janouch, a Czech scientist whose refusal to acquiesce in the Warsaw Pact invasion of his country resulted in his dismissal from a top post in the Czechoslovak Academy of Science Nuclear Research Institute and expulsion from the party, endorsed Sakharov's view that an "open world" was not possible without respect for the most fundamental human rights and without a deep democratisation of society which should override political, national or class interests. The Czech playwright Pavel Kohout, in an interview broadcast by Austrian radio, said it was time he spoke up for Czechoslovakia's oppressed intellectuals. "Socialism" must grant freedom of opinion, scientific and artistic activity and movement.

Khrushchev's years in power were marked by the harassment of numerous liberal writers and artists, and he never concealed his dislike of modernist styles. But it was Khrushchev who personally authorised the publication in 1962 of Solzhenitsyn's novel about life in Stalin's labour camps, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* and who by his de-Stalinisation campaign began to open the door for a far-reaching re-

appraisal of Soviet society, including its more repressive features. With his downfall in 1964, his successors were clearly more concerned with the dangers than the benefits of any questioning of the system, and the KGB was soon given wider scope for suppressing unorthodox manifestations.

A survey of the methods used to clamp down on what is loosely described as the dissident movement reveals almost as much variety as the movement itself. Lesser forms of harassment include telephone tapping, interference with mail and denunciations at work or in the press. More serious for writers and artists is expulsion from their union—which usually means loss of livelihood. Solzhenitsyn was expelled from the Writers' Union in November, 1969, having been a target for the Stalinists since the publication of *Ivan Denisovich,* and even more so after his appeal to the Writers' Congress in 1967 for an end to censorship and to the persecution of controversial authors. Maximov was expelled this year for "going against Soviet ideology"—in fact for refusing to apologise for unauthorised publication abroad of two of his novels. Finally come the penal sanctions, arrest and trial, or, to avoid publicity, incarceration in a mental institution. Bukovsky, General Grigorenko and the scientist, Zhores Medvedev, have written at length from their own experience and that of their friends about the misuse of psychiatry to deal with nonconformists.

In most of the trials, charges are brought under Article 70 and 190/1 of the Russian Federation's Penal Code (or its equivalent in other republics). The former concerns "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda", and the latter (added to the Statute Book in 1966) the "dissemination of deliberate fabrications discrediting the Soviet system". Practice has shown that the authorities are interested mainly in the way writings are used and not in their accuracy or otherwise. Meanwhile, new legislation is being introduced with the aim of curtailing publicity about the repressions. Since August, 1972, new restrictions have been placed on the use of the telephone system "for purposes contrary to State interests and public order" and last December a new law was reported (though not so far officially confirmed) making it a criminal offence for a Soviet citizen to meet foreigners for the purpose of disseminating "false" or "slanderous" material.

The thread connecting most of the individuals and groups concerned has been their appeal to "Socialist legality"—the principle endorsed by Khrushchev and (in theory at least) by his successors as the guarantee against any return to Stalinist terror. Basing themselves on the Soviet Constitution, the most active dissidents have only asked that all citizens be granted such civil rights as freedom of expression, assembly and religious beliefs as are assured under the constitution and the UN Declaration of Human Rights. Most believe in the maintenance of a Socialist or even a Marxist system of some kind and are in no way subversive. Minority nationalities (notably the Crimean Tartars, Ukrainians and the Baltic peoples), religious groups and Jews have led the struggle on behalf of special communities. Dr. Sakharov has been prominent for several years among scientists and intellectuals who have advocated greater freedom

of expression and experiment as the necessary condition for their country's advance—as well as a natural human right.

The pressure by the KGB and other Soviet authorities noticeably increased from the beginning of 1972. The granting of exit visas, followed in some cases by withdrawal of Soviet citizenship, has been revived recently as a means of silencing protest, though many other methods have been employed over the past two years in a ruthless and determined campaign to stamp out dissent once and for all. The Yakir-Krasin trial, with its emphasis on the danger of "subversive" links abroad, the defendants' allegation that there was no such thing as an indigenous movement for human rights, and the implication of Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn, was clearly intended as a final warning to the remaining dissidents.

* * * *

P. Kodanda Rao : To most people *languages* are the means to obtain knowledge but they are not knowledge itself, even as people consume coffee with the help of a cup but do not consume the cup ! Knowledge is the objective and not the language except to a microscopic minority of scholars and specialists. Most worthwhile knowledge can be conveyed in any well-developed language. For instance, the Bible is the knowledge, but it can be and is acquired through each of many languages such as English, German, French, etc. So also knowledge of the *Ramayana* can be acquired through each of many languages like Sanskrit, Telugu, Kannada, English, etc. Indeed, most of worthwhile knowledge in the world is today available in *English.*

Scripts are also tools for knowledge and not knowledge themselves. Scripts are like bricks to build a house and not the house itself. Most languages can be written in any of the well-developed scripts.

Scripts, languages and knowledge are universal inheritances ; they cannot be owned exclusively like property by anybody. Controversies over languages and scripts seem to be unnecessary. The controversy about Hindi and Urdu in Uttar Pradesh is largely about the scripts and not the languages, as most champions of the two languages agree that the difference between the two as *languages* is minor, but is wide regarding their *scripts.* But, as stated above, the controversy about the scripts is unnecessary, particularly if both be replaced by the Roman alphabet, which is increasingly being adopted by an increasing number of languages in the world. Urdu in Roman script is a good example.

The English language and the Roman script open the door wide for universal knowledge.

The universal adoption of the Roman script is likely to remove one great hurdle in national and international communications.

The present Swaraj Government of India, unlike the foreign British Government, has rightly made English compulsory in Indian education. In the course of a few years all Indians are likely to have a working knowledge of it and it can be used for all communications in India and promote national integration. It is however unfortunate that the same Government has *compelled* all students to learn two other languages and two other scripts also, namely Hindi and the local provincial official language.

Some linguistic minorities have to learn more languages and scripts. To compel young students to learn three or more languages and scripts amounts to cruel tyranny. In the free polity of India anybody is free to learn *voluntarily* several languages and scripts, but none, least of all students, should be compelled to do so. English and mother-tongue if it be different, and both with the Roman script, should be enough for most purposes for most Indians.

* * * *

Sir Alec Douglas-Home: For many years the tension in the Middle East between Israel and her Arab neighbours has represented a danger to world peace. The first necessity before any act of reconciliation could be started was to persuade the Arab countries to be prepared to accept the continued existence of the State of Israel. It took a long time before they were convinced, but since 1971 President Sadat of Egypt and other Arab leaders have been stating unequivocally that they will include recognition of the sovereignty and territorial integrity of Israel as part of a final peace settlement.

The second need was to persuade Israel that her physical security could no longer be guaranteed by the continued occupation of Arab lands and that some alternative way of ensuring the life of the State of Israel must be found. That has not happened yet, but the recent war underlined this conclusion. So far Israel has been able to defend herself, but only at a very high cost in men and materials. As weapons become more and more accurate and powerful, her chances of successful defence through the occupation of her neighbours' territories become much reduced.

The third essential was that Russia should be made to understand that massive military intervention in that area could be fatal to world peace and that the only hope of avoiding a confrontation with the U.S. in an area of battle was in joining with the Americans and others to limit arms and to construct a peace settlement. There is hope that they may now see the truth of this, for the warning has been plain.

What has been Britain's attitude to these basic problems in the three years since the Conservative Government took office?

It has not varied. We sought to persuade the Arab leaders to adopt in public the policy of recognition of Israel as an independent nation. We have it in mind, too, to prove to the Arabs that they had friends and that the Russians were not the only people on whom they could rely for justice.

In 1970 I made a speech at Harrogate which indicated clearly to the Israelis that if they valued their life as a country they must accept a system for their security different from that which depend upon occupied Arab territories for their defence. The oil question had not then arisen. That speech was unpopular with the Israelis, but it is sometimes the role of a friend to tell the truth. Now I believe that nearly all the countries of Europe and indeed most of the countries in the world have arrived at this point of view. Every one understands Israel's anxieties. After her history who would not do so? None can impose a settlement on her. She will have to come to this conclusion herself or face yet again the dreadful and dangerous repetition of tension and wars of recent years.

There has been a great deal of talk recently about submission to Arab blackmail. As I have pointed out, our Middle East policy was laid down in detail in 1970 before anyone started thinking about the oil shortage at all. We formulated this policy because we believed that it was right and that occupied territories were no basis for peace. We still believe it to be right, and all our statements and positions have been consistent: consistent with each other and consistent with resolution 242 of the United Nations. We have not moved one iota, but others including the members of the European Community have now adopted a united position very close to the views which we have been advancing for three years.

What then can be done to ensure for Israel and for her Arab neighbours the necessary physical security?

In order to create the confidence on which peace can rest I believe that there will need to be:

(a) Buffer zones between the Israeli and the Arab armies;

(b) An international military force, which cannot be removed at the behest of either side, stationed in these buffer zones;

(c) International guarantees for the agreed frontiers.

In these processes of peace-making the permanent members of the Security Council must be ready to help if they are required.

There are many problems ahead. Arms from the great Powers for defensive purposes will have to be controlled, and there will be many other difficulties. But now is the time for policies consistent with a lasting settlement to come into their own."

* * * *

Kashiputra: Please refer *Opinion*, 23-10-1973 regarding the views expressed by Shri G. K. W. on late Pandit Nehru.

Is it not true what late Jawaharlalji said about the Indian Press and some other men in politics? Jawaharlalji never said any such thing about the general Indian public but the particular press of men.

Does the writer forget that this same press refused to a worthy I.C.S. true patriot publication of his thought-provoking articles which were all told in the interest of our country so much so that, that worthy old man had to start his own weekly? Why condemn Nehruji on what he said about 'that' press then?

Says B. W.: Kashiputra should remember what was stated in *Opinion* some years ago about the exclusion from the columns of several leading papers of the person whose example he cites, viz., that this brought about by Mr. Nehru's dislike of that person's articles leading to pressure by Mr. Nehru on proprietors not to allow further article by that person to be printed in their papers. Quite apart from that however, is it not disgraceful for an Indian Prime Minister to make such snide remarks about Indian fellow-legislators, pressmen and industrialists to a foreigner, more especially when he must have known only too well that the allegation about the industrialist he mentions by name was completely untrue.

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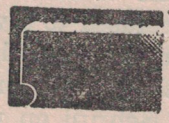
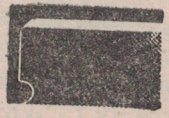


(Magnified view) Ordinary blades have a raw, naked edge. They cut your skin along with your beard.



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LESSONS FOR A CITY CHILD

1.

Balked of her desire to smother
with excess of premature maternal
love—dogs cats hamsters or even birds
in her ten by ten nth floor room
the child has lit upon small yellow
butterflies. Damaged in the process of capture
they sadly sit where kept
(on her desk arm hair or pillow)
and die a couple of nights later.
I make no objection. For, if viewed
with fortitude, this hobby may lead
her to contemplate the vanity
of human affections
and evanascence of life.
At any rate they need no housebreaking.

2.

She watches her grandfather
impatiently pull at a profusion of weeds
in his garden that grows, apparently
untended and puzzles over my command
to water every day our three plants in tins
and my maudlin pride in one new leaf
and unreasonable sorrow on one's death
yellowed and unwatered . . .

3.

Wear your shoes, she's told here,
there are pieces of glass and dirt
and butts and spittle that are harmful
to children at play.
Her aunt on the other hand insists
that thorns insects and snakes
quite casually inhabit the lawn,
wear your shoes, child.
The world after all is an unsafe place.
However there's nothing to fear in the dark,
is there? The small coca-cola boy
much smaller than her, sleeps all alone
on the pavement in the dark.
But he wears no shoes either.

—Gauri Deshpande

MISUSE OF ARTICLE 356

N. S. GEHLOT

RECENTLY Parliament has extended President's rule in the States of Andhra Pradesh, Uttar Pradesh, Orissa and Manipur for another six months. In Uttar Pradesh and Andhra Pradesh the State Assemblies are in existence but suspended. Neither has the Central Government given them an opportunity to form an alternative viable Government nor has it held fresh polls in the States.

Since Mrs. Gandhi captured the helm of the Union administration, the Central Government has invoked Article 356 twenty-two times in the different States of the Union while in the time previous to her rule, it was invoked only ten times. This clearly indicates that the Centre has exercised the power under this Article very roughly, often merely to satisfy its political ambitions.

Undoubtedly, the Article lays down the Centre's duty to "protect every State against external aggression and internal disturbance in the State or any part thereof". The only constitutional justification for Central intervention has been given as "to ensure that the Government of every State is carried out in accordance with the provisions of this Constitution".

Some of the leading framers of our Constitution were opposed to incorporating this Article in it. Prof. S. L. Saksena thought that investing the Centre with this drastic power would reduce provincial autonomy to the lowest ebb. Shri H. N. Kunzru and H. V. Kamath also deplored this kind of Central intervention in State affairs on the ground that when the remedy for any constitutional crisis—a dissolution of the Assembly and the holding of a fresh election—was in the Constitution, there was no need of inserting Article 356. Shri H. V. Kamath further argued that the Centre should not interfere in State affairs merely to resolve a Ministerial crisis.

Some members of the Constituent Assembly were apprehensive about the possibility of the emergency powers being abused for political purposes. But Dr. B. R. Ambedkar denied the fear and held that the "proper thing we ought to expect is that such Articles will never be called into operation and that they would remain a dead letter". In the same context he observed that if at all these were brought into operation, he hoped the President would invoke the Article only after serving three warnings on the State Government.

The framers did not lay down in the Constitution clear 'model rules or causes' for declaring the failure of a State machinery. It is, therefore, widely felt that this 'constitutional lacuna' has been exploited by the ruling party at the Centre as politically expedient and that is why on several occasions a number of States have come under President's rule. The Centre itself has not followed a uniform pattern for the use of Article 356.

The imposition of Article 356 has served the interests of the ruling party at the Centre in three ways, namely (a) maintaining Congress Party's rule in a State, (b) Preventing an opposition front from providing the alternative Government, and (c) maintaining the status quo of the existing ruling party.

There are glaring examples of the Centre's applying it for partisan ends, especially after the fourth General Elections. States like Rajasthan, West Bengal, Haryana, Punjab, M.P. and U.P. are patent instances. President's rule was lifted from these States only when the Centre was fully convinced that the Congress Party or other parties aligned with it would be able to capture office. The result of the frequent use of the Article was the total overthrow of the emerging pattern of multi-party politics in our political system.

After the 1971 and 1972 elections of the Lok Sabha and some State Assemblies, the Congress Party led by Mrs. Gandhi acquired an unchallengeable position in our federal structure. The Central Government appointed the new Chief Ministers in the Congress governed States in order to establish a monolithic control. Our federalism was in fact subjected to remove control from Delhi in the person of Mrs. Gandhi.

However, the changed political scenerio did not last long and the intra-Congress toppling game became a regular feature of State politics. Revolts

within the Congress Party came to the surface in States like Bihar, Gujarat and Orissa where the dissident groups created political troubles against the 'nominated leadership' of the respective Chief Ministers.

The Central Government openly used Article 356 for solving the Ministerial crises of the State politics. It overlooked the democratic process which the framers had established in our Constitution. The Centre attempted to retain a centralized control from New Delhi on the ground that the Central Government was the ultimate source and guarantee of authority and must protect the States from the grip of political instability

There is no doubt that by exercising Article 356 in Orissa, Uttar Pradesh and Andhra Pradesh, the Central Government has eroded the democratic spirit of our system. It further deprived the citizens' representatives of their political rights. For instance, in Orissa, after the fall of the Congress Ministry led by Mrs. Nandini Satpathy, the democratic course to be taken by the State Governor was to invite the leader of the opposition group to an alternative Government in the State. The Governor, instead of doing this, recommended the application of Article 356 and the Central Government acted accordingly. In Uttar Pradesh the Assembly should have been allowed to deal with the PAC revolt rather than the Centre's using Article 356. Similarly, President's Rule was clamped on Andhra Pradesh when the democratically elected representative Government was functioning according to the provisions of the Constitution. The crisis of bifurcation of the State should have been settled only by dissolving the Assembly and holding a fresh poll in the State rather than by transferring the responsibility of the State administration on the shoulders of non-elected officials.

Shri Kunzru's prophecy that if the Centre was given such wide powers to intervene in a State, it would pose a serious danger to the stability and national unity of the country, has proved to be very true.

In the changing context, it is imperative that a uniform pattern be adopted for the exercise of Article 356. It is to be used by the Centre only as 'a last resort' or 'a safety valve' for the protection of democratic values. If used as a measure of federal coercion, it undermines the political frame work of the Constitution. The Central Government should in no case apply it to deal with the factional squabbles of political parties in the State as it was used in Uttar Pradesh after the PAC revolt. It is also necessary to limit the scope of Article 356 by introducing an amendment in the Constitution. If proper State autonomy is to be maintained, a Committee of experts and jurists should be appointed by law to aid and advise the President on the application of Article 356 in a State. Only this change can prevent the executive authority of the Centre from misusing the Article for partisan ends.

FRIGIDITY AND THE SEPIA-TINTED PHOTOGRAPH

NALAPAT MADHAVIKUTTY

THERE is a sepia-tinted photograph hanging on the wall of the Eastern room of my home in Malabar which shows dimly a corpulent gent seated on a high-backed chair, his upper torso bare, but for a gold chain and its locket of tiger-claws. He was my great grandfather, the Raja of Chiralayam. There is a grossness of expression which makes the viewer turn away in a hurry, feeling sick in the stomach. His eyes are hooded and his lower lip thick and sensual. When I look at this sybaritic ancestor of mine I do not at all blame my petite great grandmother for running away from him after four years of wedded bliss. My great grandmother was the adored daughter of the Raja of Punnathore Kotta who was a powerful chieftain living in a well-barricaded palace guarded by scores of retainers and elephants. The Nair girls celebrated a mock-marriage at the age of ten when a distinguished Brahmin scholar was called in to tie a *thali*—mangalsutra—round their necks to elevate them to the status of a *Kulastri,* a venerated lady. After this ceremony she was in the marriage market open to bidding. My great grandmother's mock marriage or *Kettu Kalyanam* as it was called was a glittering event. She rode an elephant to the temple while her relatives and maidservants followed her, hiding their faces behind umbrellas made of dried palm leaves. She wore ruby-encrusted *thodas* on her distended earlobes, a heavy *Amadakkoottam* over her svelte bosom and eighteen bangles on each arm. This ride was one of the memories she liked to talk about. She was vague about the Nambudripad who tied the thali and spent a night in her bedroom sleeping peacefully without bothering to disturb her while she slept on a thick mattress laid out on the floor beside her maidservant. About her real marriage she was even more vague. When I asked her why she decided to leave her husband she merely smiled. Didn't he like you, I asked her, and she said, who would not like a young and healthy wife, of course he liked me. . . . She was comely even in old age. Her bones were light as a bird's. She was like a toy, although wrinkled and toothless. Her skin was guinea-gold tinged with red. She never wore a blouse or covered her breasts with a muslin piece except when she came out to the porch to meet visitors. She was curious like a child and also innocent. When one of our farm-hands began to neglect his wife and dallied with a younger girl my great grandmother gave him an ultimatum : He was to stop seeing the wench or else leave our service. She was the great grandmother of the Women's Lib, upholding the rights of women whenever a controversy cropped up and a female, exploited and pregnant, came to our courtyard, weeping. Everything connected with sex she considered dirty. I suspect that it was only a small matter of hygiene that made her retreat from marriage and its various defilements.

The women of our house have all been frigid. Although I fought against this hereditary incompetence by moving into the hot orbits of conspicuously coarse, earthy males the experiments wore me down and I admitted defeat. There is a mango tree standing lonely near the fence half a furlong away from the house which produces a fruit with a thick bitter rind. Its flesh is incredibly sweet. I thought once that there would be such men in the world whose harshness would turn out to be skin deep, and hunting out one of them would be an exciting game, for I would then unpeel his soul and taste the sweetness of love. But the flesh was always as bitter as the peel. How tragically I collapsed at the end of each revelation! Now I am a reformed and wise woman, a typical Nalapat lady, and spend hours cleaning the undersides of my long finger nails and between my toes. . . .

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OPINION

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